

IP DUTIES.—The Schedule of the new Stan

STAMP DUTIES.—The Schedule of the new Stamp Act will appear in the next number of the SYDNEY MAIL.

THE SYDNEY MAIL
AND
NEW SOUTH WALES ADVERTISER,
Of 22nd July, contains:—
THE LAND.—The celebrated run "Young Plum" (with illustration)—Awards of the Wine Judges—Cabbage Growing—Silk Industry.

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ORANGES and Orange-Growing
FRUIT Growing in the South
ON Silk Culture
HOW to Grow Peas
NATURAL History of New South Wales
PATENT Weatherboard Bracket (with illustration)
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"CANNIE Words turn away Strife"
FALLEN by the Way
MARK Brown's Wife
JOHN Billings on Corn
BEAUTY of the Eyes
Views about Marriage
ROMANCE at the Oil Wells

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SPORTING—Aquatics
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TRIAL Trip of the Steamship Matland
TOURIST—Music and Drama.
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THE STAMP ACT.—The SYDNEY MAIL of SATURDAY

T H E P U L P I T N E W S .
Or, SUNDAY AT HOME.
Contents :
LEADERS
NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

SACRED POETRY
CHILDREN'S CORNER
THE SUNDAY READER
SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER
TEMPERANCE CHRONICLE
THE PULPIT-SERMONS.
Published every FRIDAY, price 6d. Subscription

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SERMON by Rev. Dr. STEEL, Macquarie-street
Sydney, THIS WEEK'S PULPIT NEWS.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE—read THIS WEEK
PULPIT NEWS.

PRESBYTERIANS.—SERMON by Rev. D. STEEL, THIS WEEK'S PULPIT NEWS.

PUNCH! PUNCH!! PUNCH!!

CARTOON—"CORNERED" OR THE
BULOELA FIBRIES.

Disinterested Conduct of an Attorney—A Public Nuisance—Darwinian, or the Descent of Man—The Politician's Papers—Touching Babies—What shall we do with our Billets?—Street and Public-house Betting Lists—Australian Natural History—"Accomplished" Lord Macaulay—Good News for Protestant Witches—Jeff in a Billet—

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These portable and compact "Squares" offer to the Public various Soups of the very best quality. Each Square contains 12 lbs. of Food. Available in all the principal

The "Squares" will keep for any length of time, in all climates. They need no other preparation than that of boiling for ten minutes in a pint of water. Also, and

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Lobsters live, also Mussels, and all kinds of Smoked Fish, really choice Trumpeters, Perch, Eel, Barracouta, splendid order. On SALE at G. CLARK & SONS, Billingsgate Shellfish and Oyster Warehouse.

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AUSTRALIAN JAMS and JELLIES, in glass jars.
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of pebble powder we are at a loss to understand. Habitués of Shoebrushness at all events were able to appreciate the tangible evidence of the efficiency of pebble which was afforded by the significant, and, unfortunately, unparalleled, penetrations which were obtained through its agency on Thursday and Friday. In view of the impression which the habitués derived was conveyed to some of the illustrious visitors who were present, last week's experiments, if they teach nothing else, will not have been thrown away.

THE YEMEN EXPEDITION.

An interesting account of the Yemen Expedition under Redif Pasha is given by a correspondent of the *Levant Herald*, who accompanies the expedition, and dates his letter from Halli (Red Sea). The whole of the troops, with various instalments and in different vessels, and with imperial vessels proper and vessels of the Levant-Omanic Company, were conveyed through the Suez Canal to their destinations on the Red Sea coast of Arabia. After the greater part of the troops had arrived Redif Pasha concentrated his force at Coomhah, which he took as the base of his operations. The sea being shallow for miles around the coast, special jetties had to be constructed for the purpose of disembarking troops and stores. The supply of water for so considerable a number of troops also presented great difficulty, for although wells were sunk and water procured, it frequently turned brackish less than twenty-four hours. The expedition proceeded along the coast to Halli, where the similar embarrassment of brackish water was encountered. Halli was then left in command of Fadzly Bey, an energetic officer, who showed great resources in the construction of a new and excellent jetty, the stone and wood for which he had to procure from many miles in the interior of the country. Redif Pasha marched direct hence to the Assyrian territory, the very heart of the revolt, and it is the object of the expedition to subdue. Few can form an adequate idea of the difficulties of such a march through an unknown country, trodden only before by the foot of the wild Arab, the broiling sun, the thermometer ranging between 90° and 95° Fahrenheit, and, worse than all, with a scarcity of water. During this appalling march, the latter part of it over mountainous ground, all precautions were taken, exploring parties detached, and scouts sent forward; but no resistance was encountered until the columns had got fairly into the Assyrian hills, when on March 18, while the troops were encamping under an eminence, a body of 500 Arabs, led by the son and brother of Ibrahîm Aid ("the new prophet"), suddenly appeared upon "the heights" ready arrayed for battle. A detachment of 600 men was sent against them, and after a desperate struggle, which lasted for two hours, the Arabs were put to the rout, and in wild confusion, and leaving

EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBOURNE.

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The Honny correspondent of the Liverpool Courier writes as follows:—"For some time past the New-Calabar men have been secretly preparing their forces for a rising, and the Honny men have been demonstrating their strength, and partly to see whether the Honny men would stand forward as the protectors of the Ekerekes, which they are bound to do, and partly to show the Honny men the power of their powerful expedition."—The Honny left New-Calabar for Ekereke set out under command of King Amachrore. The expedition consisted of above fifty large war canoes, manned by over two thousand men. They sailed down the river, and landed at the Honny country, taking three days in the movement. On the night of the third day they lay in wait near their city, hid by the thick bushes that lined the creek. At midnight some Ekereke-aid and fishing canoes—about nine in number—came by, manned by both men and women. The war canoes charged out of their respective hiding places; a few minutes of confusion, cries of alarm, and the Honny men were upon the Ekerekes. The canoes were captured, and with them about twenty-five men and three casks of palm-oil; but the women, with praiseworthy activity, jumped into the water, and swam to the Honny shore. The Ekerekes, on the other hand, as the Calabar men, they escaped through the bushes to the town, and gave the alarm; the Calabar men, in their own expressive way, remarking, "Them that swim, swim; them that run, run;—a very swift of foot." At daylight an advance was made to the town, but the Ekerekes were too strongly posted behind stockades to warrant the Calabar men carrying the place by storm. They, therefore, opened a fire upon the town, and continued to do so for some hours, with slaughter in the crowded

It is, perhaps, a very old-fashioned notion on our part to think that a certain amount of good taste is necessary in the choice of subjects for novels. The novels of the day have gone beyond such rules. We have no wish to be intolerant or Puritanical. We acknowledge the claims of murder either as a fine art, or as an instrument of the fine arts, as our authors please. We are ready to admit, the necessity of one killing in every three volumes, and of one rape in every five. And we admit with deference to the taste of the public, that the Road murder, most cold-blooded recent crimes, and the once-famous case of Madeline Smith are not its subjects. We are obliged to fiction

[illegible]

(From the Saturday Review.)

WE have more than once had occasion to call attention to the peculiar value, interest, and extent of the American literature, and to the most remarkable features of the American system of government, and as a signal illustration of American ideas of its sphere and duties. It is commonly said that Americans are much less government than any other people, and that they are more free than now, and true to a much greater extent ten years ago of the powers and functions of the central authority. A deeper investigation shows that the main reason of this is that the government was really the subdivision rather than the limitation of the State. In 1800 the State rather than the Union—especially in the South—represented the real governing principle. The Southern States were not in rebellion, but allegiance due to the Union was not acknowledged as an arrangement between the States and the Union, which he, as an individual citizen, had little to do; and the Northerner, though he thought the Union was the only real citizen, not of Massachusetts or Iowa, but of the Union, really felt that his duty in daily life with the State than with the Federal Government. A large share of practical authority was again devolved upon the township; so that altogether we doubt whether the Union had not come into being more in contact with public affairs, and was practically more dependent on one kind of government or another, than the Englishman. Functions which were left to voluntary agency, and supported by public assistance, were entrusted to public officers or Boards; and the agencies of a public nature, voluntary in their origin, obtained the sanction and support of the State. One of the chief reasons, then, of the official literature now before us is the existence of the State, and the interference of public authority in the daily concerns of life which it implies. Another reason is the necessity that much which here does not interest individuals should interest the public. And this is due partly to two conditions of external and individual action which are at present here, and want to be on the other side: the Atlantic—a large leisure class, which is not so much engaged in the struggle to devote themselves to unworldly or unworldly other work; and endowments like those of Oxford and Cambridge, educational in form, but really used as a grant rather than to support men of science and letters in independence and leisure for study than for

(From the *Examiner*.)

THERE are many reasons why popping the question should make one of the most uncomfortable moments of a man's life. Even when his feelings are not powerfully stirred, and his chief object is to obtain possession of a woman whose merits, in the eyes of others, will add to his self-importance, a refusal cuts his vanity to the quick. If worthier motives urge him on, failure is a still keener disappointment. He is taught, in a very emphatic way, that there is at least one person in the world who thinks less highly of him than he does of himself. Hence the supreme hour of his life is his woman's opportunity. However much he may exercise dictatorial authority over her afterwards, he is, for the time, completely in her power. If marriage is a sort of servitude for woman, she has, at all events, the choice of a master. Indeed, the power of rejection must convince the lord of the creation that woman is not even half a slave. It implies an emancipation from her male relatives, who are not allowed to dispose of her without her consent. As history teaches us that the severity of the husband's rule generally goes along with the despotism of the father, the liberation of woman from the thralldom of her parents ought to warn her suitor that she will not be a slave to him either. When the daughter was sold by her father, she had no voice in the selection of her purchaser, and such as the affection of her father allowed. But now the sexes are much more on a level, and the ethical tone of the age (we do not speak of the law, which always is behind) is against treating women as inferiors.

If the emancipation of women were complete, if perfect equality were established between husband and wife by the law, as it is already by the best moral instincts, would it affect the interesting subject of popping the question? Or would the intuitive remain, as hitherto, with the law? There are of course many whose opinions and sentiments are so entirely fashioned by custom, that the mere discussion of such a question might appear absurd and offensive, but they should not object to consider the rational ground upon which their opinions can be defended. One circumstance alone, in the present state of the relation of the sexes, is almost decisive. Marriage, generally speaking, has a pecuniary value to women. To many it is the

living in marriage, so long will they be trained in the way supposed to be most acceptable to the men they are likely to meet. In some circles, religion, in others, the opposite will be cultivated; and so of other things. Until marriage has ceased to have pecuniary attraction for women, their training will have no object in view but to pamper the superficial expectations of men. "Amity," as being most easily got at, will be cultivated by meek submissiveness, and, when that palls on the taste, by brusque familiarity. For men arise those double heads of hydra, for whom expands the crinoline; and those mysterious hunches on the back. Men occasionally make a feeble protest, and fill the comic papers with their lamentations, but women never heed them; they know better than the men themselves what catches the eye. Until the pressure of this attitude is taken away, we shall never reach the point where women are. The spontaneous unwarped development of their nature may yield unexpected results, but such a course may be hazardous. It would not, if it

One of the most interesting features of the trial was the very satisfactory performance of the new pebble powder. The introduction of this powder has raised the 12-inch gun from a sort of monster, with a power of inferior penetrative capabilities into a more piercing gun of enormous power. With R. L. G. powder the initial velocity of the 12-inch shell was only 1180 feet per second. It is now 1300 feet per second, and the effect of this is that the force of the blow struck has been raised from 5735 to 7030 foot-tons—or, in other words, the effective power of this gun is now as great as 1000 yards as it formerly was at the muzzle. The 11-inch gun, although possessing the same power of penetration—measured in terms of the "energy" per inch of the shot's circumference—is in total power slightly inferior to the 12-inch, as 6415 is to 7030. But on Friday the 11-inch was rather more lucky in its hits, and made rather a greater show of the increase of power of about heavy shells guns due to the introduction of pebble powder is very considerable. The velocities of these guns have, we understand, been increased as follows:—the 12-inch by 120 feet per second; the 10-inch by 85; the 9-inch by 80; the 8-inch by 85; the 7-inch by 90. To any one acquainted with the subject the force of these figures will be apparent. How in face of these results, coupled with the fact that these increments of velocity are obtained with actually less strain upon the gun, any one can

THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1871.

able world. Next to the garden, a space, about the size of a neat front-door, has been cleared on the slope of the bank, and with oyster-shells—found, doubtless, in the drift, or the cutting—the worthy man has imprinted the name of his estate or station; and a singular name it is. "Cat-o'-nine-tails" is not a common name in the gazetteer, but it is common enough here, and, indeed, is the name of a common. Bumpus says it is manifestly a corruption of "Calton Entails." Certainly, there is a look of entail all around. I don't, at this moment, recall any tract of country that looks so heavily promiscuously as this particular bit. I once grew a white-bush about half-way down the fell, and it has thrived now. The station itself, however, is excessively thriving. On a siding may be seen a coal-waggon, which I take to be the rudiments of that extensive mineral traffic to which the promoters of the Route" [they always called it Route, not Branch, in the prospectuses they issued from time to time] "confidently look for returns that will render the invest-

Slow, slower, slowest; click, clack, click-clack: the points are passed. Apparition averts his head, and bawls out: "Fine day, Mivins. All well at home? That's good." Then resumes within: "Now you feel the difference. A trifle harsh, perhaps; and it grates a little, I can't deny; but then what would you have? The sleepers have not had time to get cozily settled in their beds;—line not more than twelve months old.—Slow, do you say? Well, yes, it might be quicker, but then do you know the gradient six? Not for there."

My pet is out of nurse—baby-formed in fact

ter you a tale about that." "You know when my bird's-eyepan of the line was being sat upon in the House of Lords, my Lord Quiz was pleased to say, says he: 'It looks, Mr. Bumpus, more like a spiral tramway to the top of a blast-furnace than a civilized railroad for Christian people.' 'Comical fellow, Quiz, if ever you happened to meet with!' But he was warm in our favour, notwithstanding his funny warm, I may say; and he's had great influence on committees, because he's so witty; and he's not a soul opposed us, either there or anywhere else, we managed to carry the bill.—The engine was 'the why, why, why, I flatter myself that's a coal that'll fit nobody's back but my own. Sir, I planned the line, I made the line, I work the line, I superintend the line, I sometimes drive, I always guard. No train goes without me. Strange, isn't sir?' turning and looking me full in the face.—'Bless me, is that you? Well, you can, bear me out, you, of all men, in what I was about to say, which was, that everybody that ever had to do with this line from first to last has always been anxious about it, always dotingly fond of it, and madly devoted to its interests. Oh, what sleepless nights I have had; it makes me yawn to think of it.—But here we are.—This is Pelton Dray. *Au revoir!*' And gaily kissing this jewelled hand, he swings himself free of the train with, that amazing dexterity which for years I have envied, but have never attained.

Yes, friends, this is Pelton Bay. There is a hamlet of that name, I am given to understand; but what it is, or where it is, no one seems to know. This, I suppose, is the Bray—this fine expanse of moorland. Behold the purpling heather and the golden gorse! the sheep, too, lying like white boulders up and down the brown slopes! Hark to the plover's song of the wilderness, harsh, but sad! As for the station at Pelton—well, there is one in the "guide," and, figuratively speaking, there is one in fact, since our train is legitimately at a stand-still; and if there was anybody to get out or in, you would probably see them at it. There is a booking-office and a waiting-room, and a survey *terrestre* institutions, only they are yet in the elementary stage of development. Mr. Bumpus kindly explains that it was only six months ago that the buildings were commenced, and that is why they are at present no more than nine inches high. True, matters might have been hurried, but in work designed to last for ever it is not well to hurry; and the Board is prudently holding back, "pending the development of traffic."

As may be supposed, we do not make a protected stay at Pelton; and indeed, in the space of some ten or fifteen minutes, we are once more in motion—such as it is. "Strawberry Peel" comes booming like mountain thunder from the cavernous mouth of a gigantic porter or station-master—large enough to fill the East-square. He is at once the station-master and the porter, and his sons rolled into one, which perhaps accounts for his proportions. But though stalwart, he is of a tender heart. His frown, as he examines the engine, is both anxious and stern; but pity prevails, and he strokes the fly-wheel playfully—the right way of the fur, so to speak—and pats the poor monster's vibrating ribs with unaffected concern. Poor "Boiler" is not so young as he used to be, and this heavy pull from Pelton has manifestly strained him. Tremendously out of breath, with bowels rumbling, and his whole frame racked by St. Vitus's Dance, he is, in truth, an object of deep compassion. But "here's life in the old dog yet." An oil-bath, followed by a hot steamy shampoo with camels' leather and cognac, will give him a new lease of life.

It is not necessary that every organ-grinder

rights in his looks and spirits; and we are not so rude as to stop and watch the venerable monster at his bath or at his victuals. On the contrary, we avail ourselves of his extreme exhaustion, as an opportunity for 'studying nature, holding an extemporised picnic in a ruin hard by, and listening to a most learned lecture on the origin, uses, and destiny of a Peel. This is a choice specimen, consisting mainly of a great many juckdaws and a great deal of 'yarn.' The round hill-tops on which it struts we command a magnificent panorama; which 'unfortunately is now, and, as far as 'my observation goes, is usually veiled in mist. A shillit whisle informs us that "Boiler" is himself again, and summons us from "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Our prospects of entertainment on our 'journey for the next two miles are agreeably diversified by the condescension of Mr. Bumpus, who condescendingly takes a rest in our carriage, just as we are about to enter one of our reservoirs; in an arrangement which enables him to communicate freely out of his vast reservoirs of scientific experience, and at the same time to share our Luncheon.

"Yes, sirs; I see it, I see it—I see it—as plain and as clear as—as—the case admits of; I see a golden future for this nice little railway. This is the day of small things; but the day of large things will come—must come—shall come—if I can make it. You have been gazing on those virgin valleys of Eden, friends, as well as the fog would allow. Well, the day is at hand, or nearly so, when the dwellings of man will replace the nests of the moorcock, and the boom of the bittern will be lost in the roar of machinery." A canopy of smoke announces the neighbourhood of a manufacturing town, but we shoot by it; we run away in a spirit of defiant and mocking hilarity, from the very place of all others on the line [that common sense would have bidden us to stop at, and merrily make all the running we can for a lonely spot in the howling waste, a mile away. Of course we ignominiously shoot past the station, and have to grunt and grind our way back. And this is the more to be mourned, because the establishment really deserves all respect that a train well brought up can give it. It is a neat stone building, containing one "booking," and another "refectory and early dinner," and the Board has evidently been solicitous about the lodging of the unhappy exile who has been left in charge of this outpost of the habit-

Our journey has reached that stage at which, even on the hottest day, one begins to feel chill, and somewhat weary, even on the Breck. The fact is, that a feeling of getting within sight of the end of a tremendous undertaking has taken possession of the passenger mind; and the material manifestation of it is uncontrollable fidgets. Everybody in the train is in a state of feverish delirium, gathering up traps, arranging skirts, settling shirt-fronts and shirt-collars, brushing hats, snapping reticules, and tivating back-hair. The bustle is subsiding; the wild excitement is toning down to intense suspense and deepest silence; when, after a thrilling pause, the hoarse scream of the exultant "Boiler" brings the train to a step in the middle of a mighty bog. As yet, however, but still with the loud pedal full on, the voice of authority succeeds to the ravings of "Boiler." "Back-again, Backagain, Backagain," resounds from carriage to carriage with appalling solemnity; our journey is over, and our destination reached. Once outside the privileged pala, my beloved consort and I lean awhile on the station gate, and trace our way through the wilderness in gloomy retrospect. Again and again, here and there, up and down, and everywhere, we catch glimpses of our little pet railway, skirting the hills, or climbing the hills, or "making bob-boles" in their base for "its" train "to come through." We proceed to skirt the bog; and keeping the winding-carriage in view, pass the gilded gates and the lured stage of the wilderness in the wilderness," as the poem calls them, and the mountain park of Sir Hualah Baloo, the lord paramount of all this desolate region. He is from home; he is always from home; and, all things considered, wisely so. There is nothing more to do or to see, and we return to the station and the train. It appears as if all the Backagain passengers were *en route* back again. Boiler sports in joyous recognition. The whistle with a peep in it tells the melody of *Pourant pour le next Station*, and he starts with a burst. He has it all his own way, poor fellow, now. He fairly gallops, and the collar never even touches his shoulder. Metaphorically, he grips the bit with his teeth, and bolts. The next station is the terminus. I suppose the train sometimes stops to "link up" down "passengers"; but it can hold on "till it gets them up." I can't make it. I never stop when I am in it, but whizzes, and fizzzes, and clatters, and crashes it away from terminus to terminus, like a three-hundred-pound shell from an Armstrong gun, till with a whack and a crack, we bang into Axem sheds.

Crossed skin and having many things in

Imagine a new paper, *small quarto*, of from eight to forty-eight pages, costing five shillings and fourpence a year, and devoted exclusively to advertisements—every page full of novelty, and often productive of laughter! Within reasonable limits, it is scarcely possible to convey an idea of its diversified contents. The first pages are devoted to official, police, law, and sanitary notices—*notices of contracts, bankruptcies, &c.*; these are followed by trade advertisements, touching silks, fish, groceries, wines, collins, w'etnesses, and information as to how, when, and where the thousand-and-one wants of this life, and death, are supplied. Of these we shall say nothing, but proceed at once to the *social* contents. What would our revered island ladies say to finding their brethren openly recorded under the most transparent initials, with their ages, the street and house-number duly added, in some such sort as this?—*Henry congratulations to the dear, tall, black, stout Gretchen*

